

Midwest

Joseph Arthur

There's nothing to do in the Midwest but dream
There's spiders on the walls of abandoned factories
Setting fire to the trash, dance beneath the fog
When the cops come, we run like hell
Stealing from our souls, born cheap out here
A dream that can't compete
Up against the fear of never getting away
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Into the earth and out of the past
We plug in our guitars and begin to feed
Off the spirits in the air flying in our minds
The sound we try to hear is
So many years from ever being defined
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